



The OLD SWITCHEROO



I WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL YOU ANYTHING DEFINITE UNTIL I STUDY THE RESULTS OF MY EXAMINATION, MR. WINSLOW ... HOWEVER, I THINK YOU SHOULD AVOID ALL STRENUOUS EFFORT UNTIL I TALK TO YOU AGAIN. BUT ABOVE ALL DON'T WORRY ABOUT THIS...

HMPH! EASY ENOUGH TO SAY THAT, DOCTOR! BUT IT'S ME WHO HAS THE PAIN IN MY CHEST! VERY WELL, I'LL TAKE IT EASY 'TIL I HEAR FROM YOU!

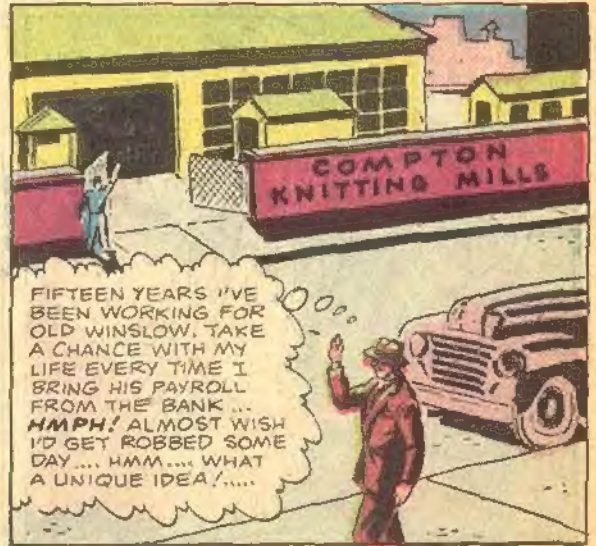
HARRY WINSLOW, PAYMASTER AT THE COMPTON KNITTING MILLS, WAS A VERY TROUBLED MAN... HE WASN'T GETTING ANYWHERE ON HIS JOB AND HE WAS DEFINITELY NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER. MOREOVER, HE WAS TROUBLED WITH A SEVERE PAIN IN HIS CHEST. SO ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 26, 1951, HARRY PAID A VISIT TO DOCTOR ELROY KENT...

JIM REILLEY

LATER...



SAH! I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD A GOOD DOCTOR... THAT OLD FOOL DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERING ME. IF I ONLY HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THE THINGS I WANT... I'D FEEL BETTER!



FIFTEEN YEARS I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR OLD WINSLOW. TAKE A CHANCE WITH MY LIFE EVERY TIME I BRING HIS PAYROLL FROM THE BANK... HMPH! ALMOST WISH I'D GET ROBBED SOME DAY... HMM... WHAT A UNIQUE IDEA!.....

A Dream of a Perfect Crime

HARRY WINSLOW DIDN'T RETURN TO HIS BROKEN-DOWN HOUSE THAT HIS MOTHER HAD LEFT HIM... INSTEAD HE WALKED DEEP INTO THE TOUGH SECTION OF TOWN. HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE... TWO MEN, IN FACT... THEN, IN LITTLE EDDIE'S CAFE, HE THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND THEM...



WHO INVITED YOU, PAL?



I'LL EXPLAIN... ER, WAITER... BRING US A DRINK!

HOW WOULD YOU TWO LIKE TO MAKE TEN-THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH FOR TEN MINUTES WORK?



TEN THOUS... HA, HA! I DON'T KNOW, WISE GUY... I'LL HAVE TO ASK MY PAROLE OFFICER IF IT'S OKAY WITH HIM!

YEAH, NICKY... MAYBE HE WON'T LIKE IT IF WE GET RICH QUICK! HE MIGHT THINK WE DIDN'T GET IT HONEST!



LOOK, I'M SERIOUS! I'M THE PAYMASTER AT THE COMPTON KNITTING MILLS! I BRING ABOUT 30,000 FROM THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST BANK TO THE MILL EVERY FRIDAY. ARE YOU INTERESTED NOW?



NAH! WE AIN'T INTER... UNH!



QUITE! GO ON, FRIEND, YOU MAY HAVE A CASE HERE... TELL ME MORE!

I THOUGHT MEN OF YOUR TYPE WOULD BE INTERESTED... WELL, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...

ONE HOUR LATER...

SOUNDS LIKE MONEY FROM HOME TO ME, WINSLOW. DON'T WORRY, WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



I'M COUNTING ON YOU... THE SPLIT WILL BE THREE WAYS, ABOUT 10,000 EACH... DEPENDING, OF COURSE, ON OVERTIME...



AND SO A CRIME IS BORN, AND ALREADY PAYMASTER HARRY WINSLOW WAS FEELING BETTER... EVEN THE PAIN IN HIS CHEST DIDN'T SEEM TO MATTER AS HE STEPPED OUT OF LITTLE EDDIE'S INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR...

IT'S PERFECT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS YOUNGER?



I CAN HARDLY WAIT 'TIL FRIDAY... MY FIRST REAL PAYDAY!

Is Certain to Become a Nightmare!

THE DAYS CREEPT BY SLOWLY FOR HARRY WINSLOW... BUT THEN ON MARCH 30, 1951...

HELLO, MR. WINSLOW, I SEE YOU'RE ON TIME AS USUAL... I'VE GOT THE MONEY WAITING RIGHT HERE FOR YOU!

THAT'S FINE, BILL... YOU KNOW MR. COMPTON LIKES THINGS DONE ON TIME AND DONE PROPERLY!

MINUTES LATER...

BANK AND TRUST CO.

HA! OLD COMPTON WILL FIND THIS IS ONE JOB THAT WILL BE DONE PROPERLY... MORE PROPER THAN HE HE IMAGINES!

ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE MILLS WITH THE PAYROLL, WINSLOW STOPS AT HIS HOUSE FOR A MINUTE AND THEN RESUMES HIS JOURNEY...

AH! NOW IT SHOULDN'T BE LONG... NICKY ORELLI AND MAX HERNDEN SHOULD BE AROUND THE NEXT CORNER!

HARRY WAS, OF COURSE, RIGHT... ORELLI AND HERNDEN WERE WAITING TWO BLOCKS FROM THE COMPTON MILLS...

NOW REMEMBER, NICKY, DON'T KILL THIS OLD GEEZER! JUST SAP HIM ENOUGH TO PUT HIM OUT... UNDERSTAND?

YEAH! I GET IT! UH... HERE COMES WINSLOW NOW... GET SET!

AGH!

RELAX, WINSLOW! THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!

GRAB THE BAG, NICKY, AND LET'S GO!

HELP! POLICE! A ROBBERY... HELP!

AND SO HARRY WINSLOW, THE HONEST PAYMASTER WAS BRUTALLY SLUGGED AND ROBBED BY TWO VICIOUS THUGS... YES, THAT WAS HOW IT LOOKED, AND AS FOR HARRY... WHAT DID HE HAVE TO SAY TO HIS BOSS? WHY HARRY WAS HEART-BROKEN! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT HE BLAMED HIMSELF... AND BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT WAS HIS FAULT, HARRY QUIT HIS JOB... AND AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS SERVICE...

BUT IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT AT ALL, WINSLOW! YOU CAN'T BLAME YOURSELF FOR MY FOOLISHNESS! I'M ASKING YOU AGAIN NOT TO QUIT!

NO, MR. COMPTON... I'VE LET YOU DOWN! IT WAS MY JOB TO GUARD THAT PAYROLL... I'M QUITTING!

Police Are Crime-Doctors

MEANWHILE, ORELLI AND HERNDEN GET AN UNLOOKED-FOR JOLT AS THEY OPEN THE PAYROLL BAG...



PAPER! THAT WINSLOW GUY PLAYED US FOR SAPS! A JOKE! HE PLAYED A JOKE ON US!

IT AIN'T NO JOKE, NICKY! I THINK OUR PAYMASTER IS TRYIN' TO PULL A SWITCHEROO... ONLY HE AIN'T GOIN' TO GET AWAY WITH IT!

COME ON, NICKY... WE'RE GOIN' TO PAY THE PAYMASTER...

UH-HUH! FOR THIS HE GETS A BONUS... IN LEAD!



AND AT WINSLOW'S HOUSE...



DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TIME... GOT TO GET AWAY BEFORE THOSE THUGS FIND OUT I DROPPED THE REAL PAYROLL BAG OFF AT MY HOUSE BEFORE THEY ROBBED ME. UH... PAIN IN MY CHEST IS GETTING WORSE...



THIRTY THOUSAND DOL... HUH! OH, JUST THE PHONE... WHEW! GAVE ME A TERRIBLE FRIGHT... I THOUGHT IT WAS THOSE TWO HOODS!

RING... RING...



LET THEM RING... I'LL BE GONE BEFORE THEY GET HERE... UNH! MY CHEST IS KILLING ME, MUSTN'T GET EXCITED AGAIN... CAN'T TAKE IT...

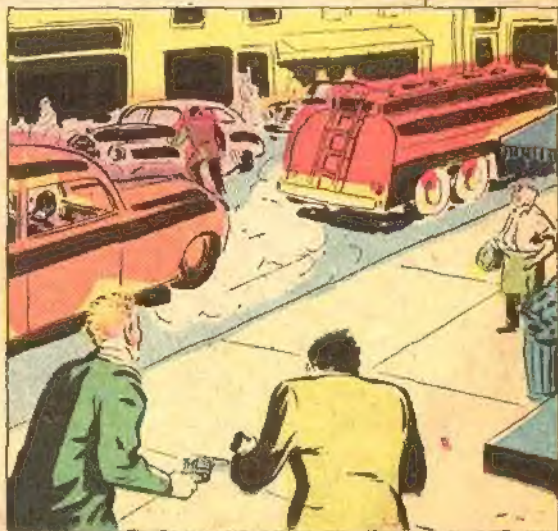


THE MINUTES PASS RAPIDLY FOR HARRY AS HE MAKES FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR HIS FLIGHT... THEN...

NO! IT'S THEM! THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN HERE SO SOON... I... I'M TRAPPED... THEY'LL KILL ME!

RAP RAP

Dedicated to Stamping Out Crime!



There Is NO Perfect Crime!



AGH! MY... MY CHEST... I CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER... UNHH!



STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

GRAB THE BAG, MAX! IT'S A COP!

SHOOT, YA SAP!... SHOOT!!



GET HIM... ARGH!

BANG BANG

YAGH!

MEANWHILE AT THE FRONT DOOR OF HARRY WINSLOW'S HOUSE, DR. ELOY KENT IS WORRIED AS HE WRITES A HASTY NOTE...



HMM... I'VE BEEN BANGING ON WINSLOW'S FRONT AND BACK DOOR FOR TEN MINUTES... HE DIDN'T ANSWER MY PHONE CALL EITHER... THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS LEAVE THIS NOTE...

FATE HAD PLAYED AN IRONIC JOKE ON HARRY... IT WASN'T A SLUG THAT ENDED HIS LIFE. ACTUALLY HE HAD KILLED HIMSELF BY PUSHING HIS WEAK HEART TOO HARD... AND MAX AND NICKY DIED UNDER A POLICEMAN'S GUN TRYING TO SHOOT A MAN WHO WAS ALREADY MARKED FOR DEATH...



Dear Mr Winslow
Call me at once
operation for
removal of severe
thrombus (severe
blood clot near
the heart) im-
perative. WARNING:
excitement may
cause death. Keep
calm and call
me immediately.
Dr. Kent



MAX HERNDEN AND NICKY ORELLI, SERGEANT. THEY WERE CHASING THIS MAN YOU SAY IS HARRY WINSLOW. THEIR SHOTS MISSED BUT HIS HEART COULDN'T TAKE IT!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT... TRYING TO RUN WITH THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OF STOLEN MONEY IS TOO MUCH FOR ANY MAN... YES, WINSLOW WAS DEAD WRONG!